

MIREY

By FRANK NELSON

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F LIP the pillar a little higher up, Mirey," said the old man, peevishly. "Th' cher hurts my back—an' th' sun's a shinin' right in my eyes."

The girl tenderly adjusted the pillow and with masculine strength lifted the rude chair with its paralytic burden to a shadow spot under the apple tree.

"Ye ain't a treatin' Jake right, Mirey," grumbled the old man. "He ain't said nothin', but I kin see it; an' you a goin' to marry him this fall."

"Mebbe I am—mebbe I ain't," the girl said, impatiently.

The old man looked up at her anxiously.

"I knowed it," he exclaimed. "I've seed it a comin' ever since that Evans come a snoopin' round here, a pizenin' yer mind with his stories 'bout fine houses, an' great ladies, an' dresses, an' dimonds. What brought him 'way up here in this wild place? Who knows what he is, ennyhow? Like as not he's one of them revnoo spies."

"Ye've got no call to slander him that a way, pap," retorted the girl, hotly. "Lots of them city folks spends their vacations in th' mountains. An' ennybody kin see he's a gentleman. He ain't no spy."

There were hot words over the young city man, leaving the old man sullen and dissatisfied and the girl defiant. As she turned to go he said:

"Mirey, they's sumthin' I clean forgot to tell Jake when he come by, an' I must see him. He ain't more'n half way to th' stin, yet. Run, Mirey, ye must bring him back."

The girl hurried obediently down the steep path and along the base of the mountain, smiling as she went.

"I kin coax him into it after while," she murmured, "an' then I kin be sumbody. Rob says I kin have ennythin' I want."

A crash, a rattle of descending stones, a smothered ejaculation, and two struggling, interlocked men rolled down into the path below her. One of them, wrenching the revolver from the other's hand, arose panting, tall and powerful. His opponent lay quite still, blood trickling from a wound on the curly, handsome head.

With a choking cry Mirey sprang forward and raised the wounded head in her arms.

"Ye've killed him," she moaned.

"He's only stunned a leetle," growled the tall man. "He was a follerin' me, an' when I sprised him he tried to shoot. He's a spy, Mirey."

"You lie, Jake!" the girl cried, defiantly. "An' this won't do ye no good, nuther."

The tall man bent down and from the inner pocket of the stylish coat drew a long, official-looking envelope.

"Look at that, Mirey," he cried, with a note of triumph. "Frum th' Internal Revnoo D'partment!"

"That ain't his name on it—it's fer sumbody else," she protested, wildly. "Let me read what's inside."

She reached up a trembling hand, took the opened sheet and her sun-browned face turned pale. The wounded head dropped from the encircling arms and she staggered to her feet, swaying, crushing the letter in her hands. The man at her feet stirred and sighed. The tall man knelt and with his handkerchief bound the unresisting hands cruelly tight.

"What ye goin' to do with him, Mirey?" asked the girl, quietly, almost inaudibly.

"Ye've heerd rumors of what went with 'tother one,' the tall man muttered, with a significant glance. "But tain't fer me to say. Th' boys'll decide that."

The girl shuddered and turned away.

"You'll have to go an' tell th' boys, Mirey, while I watch him. He musn't git away."

"I-I kaint—bring them, Jake. I'll watch him. He'll not git away," savagely. "Give me th' gun."

Jake's eyes looked searchingly into hers. She met the scrutiny unflinchingly.

"Kin I trust ye, Mirey?"

"Don't I know what'll happen if he gits away," she cried, indignantly. "Dye think I'd send pap and—and you—to prison? I'll kill him first. Go—an' hurry."

She seated herself on a nearby boulder and with drawn face and cold, pitiless eyes regarded the unconscious captive. The bees, home-going, heavy-laden, droned musically among the blossoms, loath to leave. From the distant river came the faint whistle of a passing boat. A great, black buzzard flapped heavily down upon the dead limb of a sycamore, wiped his hooked beak on his sable plumage and cocked his baleful eye inquisitively at the fallen man.

The captive heaved a long, quivering sigh, opened his eyes, struggled, and sat up, staring about him confusedly.

"Mirey," he said, faintly. "Is that you, Mirey?"

He drew his feet under him to rise. The revolver in the brown hand rose quickly, leveled at his face.

"Don't ye try it," the girl said, harshly. "I'll shoot—an' ye know I don't miss."

"Mirey! Have you turned against me?"

"Hain't ye played th' hypocrite

long enuff, Joseph Armacost," she sneered.

The breeze rustled the letter at her feet. He glanced at it and started.

"I guess the play's over," he observed, wearily.

She made no reply. After awhile he looked up again and said softly:

"Mirey, before they—before I go—will you forgive me?"

She turned away her head to hide the tears of wounded pride that would not be repressed.

"It was mean, cruel, despicable," he continued, "but we have to do such things sometimes—they're a part of our orders. I wish you could understand and forgive me, Mirey."

"Fergive ye!" she burst out. "Fergive ye! You lied to me, made love to me, learned me to love—yes, to love—such a snake as you. You'd have sent poor old pap to prison, an' made me an outcast—a convict's darter. Fergive ye? Never—you hound."

"Mirey, it wasn't all a lie. I did admire you—I do yet. And I intended to arrange that your father might escape it."

"Then ye wouldn't have done yer duty. You'd have played traitor to both sides. Don't talk to me. I don't never want to hear yer voice."

There was a long silence—then the man remarked:

"I suppose Jake has gone after the gang."

"Don't mention Jake's name. You ain't fit to. He's a man."

"Look here, Mirey. Do you realize what you are doing? You are helping murder me, as surely as though you had shot me through the head with that revolver. Do you understand what that means—to take human life—in cold blood? Bad as I am I never did what you are doing now. You are helping murder me, Mirey."

The girl shuddered again, then steeled herself.

"How do I know what they'll do with ye? That's their business—not mine. You an' them fer that."

"Mirey, you know as well as I that I'll never see another sunrise if you keep me here 30 minutes longer. You loved me once, Mirey. An hour ago you would have gone with me to the ends of the earth. Do you hate me so now that you will stain your soul with my blood?"

She gave a great sob.

"What kin I do? I dasen't let ye go. Let me alone. Fer God's sake don't tempt me."

He strained his strong wrists, the handkerchief fell over the supple, plant hands, and he sprang to his feet, defying the deadly weapon upraised in the shaking hands.

"Stop! I'll have to shoot! I promised Jake—ye're a spy."

"Shoot, then, Mirey. I'd better die that way than by torture. Shoot—right here—between the eyes—be sure."

The dark eyes looked into his, filled with tears, and the grim muzzle dropped.

"O, Rob—I kaint—I'm a coward."

He sprang forward, seized the weapon, and fired every chamber in the air.

"Now, you've done your duty," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "You've fired every bullet at me and only wounded me as I ran. I've a boat concealed at the river. Goodby, Mirey."

She grasped his arm and clung to him desperately.

"Not till I know ye won't inform on pap and—Jake. I must know that, or I'll hold ye till they come—an' they'll heerd th' shots."

"Could I betray you—after you've saved me? Mirey—girl—look in my eyes—they shall never know."

She looked, knew, and released him. He stooped to kiss her, but she thrust him back fiercely. He seized the brown right hand, pressed it to his lips, and bounded away. The girl fell on her knees.

"O, Lord, forgive me fer what I've done. Fergive me fer the lie I'm about to tell. An', O, God, help me to fergit him."

Then she pressed her burning lips to the brown right hand, rubbed the spot madly with the crushed letter, and, with a little moan, cast the paper away, as she cast him from her heart, and rose to face the hurrying men.

Late that night when Jake returned, weary and desperate, from the fruitless search, Mirey, from the old man's side, stepped forward in the moonlight to meet him.

"Jake," she said, softly, "don't worry. He'll never tell. I know."

Jake looked down, sternly, into the dark eyes.

"Mirey—you let him go."

She laid both brown hands on his arm and looked up, pleadingly, into the grave, rugged face.

"Yes—it was better. I've been a fool, Jake. But it's all past now. An'—Jake—ye needn't wait till fall—ef ye'll have me yet."

Jake stooped, kissed the quivering lips, put his strong arm about her, and led her to the smiling old man.

Vanity.

Mr. Poits (to his wife)—My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez la fenetre.

The Visitor (sotto voce)—Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window?

"Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language."—Pick-Me-Up.

Adopts German System.

After repeated experiments, the United States navy has decided to adopt the Slaby-Arco German wireless telegraphy system, which has been demonstrated to be the most practical,

THE BABIES OF SIAM.

They Are Troubled Very Little with Clothes and Are All Called "Dang."

When a Siamese baby is born the head is removed from the bed and laid upon a long, narrow, flat board. By her side a big fire is made in a portable earthenware stove. The servants or friends scatter round the house a certain kind of fruit which is supposed to be efficacious in preventing the entrance of evil spirits. A cord also encircles the house. This cord has been blessed by the priests, and is another barrier against supernatural visitants, says London Queen.

As a matter of fact, what with the heat of the fire, the heat of the climate, and the presence of many people in the room, it is so stiflingly hot and uncomfortable that it may be doubted whether evil wanderers from below would care to sojourn there.

There are always three old women present on these occasions, whose business it is to solicit for the little one the patronage and protection of sundry guardian angels. They make three balls of rice, and throw them in lucky directions, and so insure a certain amount of good fortune for the babe.

All babies in Siam have the same name when they are born. This is "Dang," which means "red." It is a silly name to give, for though a Siamese baby is a trifle like raw beef in color, it is at once covered over with a yellow paste, which gives it the appearance of suffering from a highly concentrated and expansive form of bilious attack. This yellow paste is made of turmeric powder, and it is supposed to keep away mosquito bites.

The baby wears no clothes, and continues to appear in the same lack of apparel for several years. Boys and girls alike do without clothing for a comparatively long time.

This undress uniform, it may be noted, possesses certain distinct advantages. It is cool, sanitary and economical.

Children are frequently adorned with massive gold and silver bracelets and anklets. They wear a little silver shield, fastened in front of the body by a string of beads. This shield is purely ornamental, playing no essential part in the child's costume, for it is often lost and not replaced, the string of beads remaining maybe for several months longer.

ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Some to Which the Emission of Noxious Odors Is a Means of Protection.

"That the strong odors emitted by many living creatures may play a protective role in their lives has been often suggested," said an attendant at the zoo to a Washington Star man.

"A considerable number of animals, as is well known, emit strong odors, which are generally unpleasant, at least to man, and naturalists have often considered these odors as playing an important part in the biology of the animal. The odor protects it, and serves to drive away certain enemies. It is certain, for example, that the skunk, whose disagreeable odor is so strong that it remains from autumn to spring in a place where one of the creatures has been killed, is very generally respected by carnivorous animals. But some other odors are hardly protective. It is true that they then play another part. They constitute a secondary sexual characteristic, often limited to one sex by which the males and females find each other out at the mating season, and which disappears when this is over. There are some moths that exhale an odor of musk, only the males have it, and these only at the mating season. An Australian duck emits a marked odor which is restricted to the male, and is strongest in spring.

"But with many animals there are strong odors that seem to have no sexual character and to confer no particular protection against other animals. In addition it would seem that other odors attract enemies. Crows seem to have a special liking for insects with a strong odor. Certain birds have a taste for those myriapods that exhale a marked odor of prussic acid. Perhaps we must conclude from these facts that the tastes of animals, so far as smells are concerned, differ sensibly from ours."

Delicate Contrivance.

Delicate vibrations too slow to produce sound—that is, having a rate of less than 16 per second—are made audible by a new apparatus. A ten-pound weight, having a small carbon plate cemented vertically to its side, is suspended from the arm of a standard by a stout rubber band, and a carbon block is placed on the floor or other vibrating body, with a slender graphite pencil resting on it and leaning against the carbon plate. The carbon block and carbon plate are connected with a telephone in an electric circuit. When the apparatus is placed on a wood floor, the heart beat of a person standing near produces an audible vibration in the telephone, as do also delicate tremors and distant vibrations from any source.—Science.

Very Conservative.

Conservatism is believed to be the distinguishing characteristic of Englishmen. A young man of Bermuda, of English descent, now residing in New York city, shows that the belief is well founded. He imports his collars from St. George's Town, on the island where he was born, not because he has any prejudice against American-made goods, nor because he can't get a collar to suit his needs in one of the thousand or more shops where collars are sold here, but simply that he is used to the sort that he imports. "It's the kind I've always had, y' know," he says, by way of explanation.

Way Some Debaters Have.

Smith—Jones is a very convincing debater, isn't he?

Brown—Yes, he never stops till he has convinced you that he is wrong.

—Stray Stories.

MAKE FIGURES LOOK SMALL.

Mental Mathematicians Get to Work and Shimmer Them Down to Nearly Nothing.

Whitelaw Reid, of New York, in the annual address before Phi Beta Kappa society, of Vassar college, discussed divorce and its attendant evils. He said: "Six hundred and fifty-four thousand persons divorced in this country during the last 20 years."

This statement, says the narrator of the story, caused wrinkles and furrows to form on the forehead of one prim maiden. A flash of the eye, and then a whisper to an attentive classmate: "That's equal to \$2,700 persons a year."

The classmate's brow now began to denote activity: "Or 2,725 persons a month."

"Or 681 persons a week," said the first mental mathematician.

"Ninety-seven persons each day sever marital relations," was the next computation.

"Why, that's only four persons an hour," came as a cheerful rejoinder.

"Pooh, only one couple every half hour."

"And they say there are 70,000,000 people in this country."

"What a narrow view some men take of life." And the other nodded an agreement.

Merit Makes It the World's Leader.

Merit, greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use—backed by the right kind of advertising, has given Cascarets the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Over ten million boxes a year are now being bought by the American people. Great success always brings out imitators, and readers are warned that when it comes to buying medicine the best is none too good, and whenever a dealer offers to sell you something just as good, put it down as a worthless fake, put your money in your pocket, and go to a store where you will be treated fairly, and where, when you ask for Cascarets, you will get what you ask for.

Too Suggestive of the Past.

"No, the Duckleights never have hay fever."

"But I thought they had everything that was fashionable."

"Yes, but they are a little sensitive about hay fever. Their father used to run a feed store, you know."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Men and Women

alike find pleasure in profitable investments. We have a number of interesting publications that tell of sections on the line of the M. K. & T., where the careful investor has an opportunity for placing capital profitably. Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage, to "KATY," Suite B, St. Louis, Mo.

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised to power.—Wessenberg.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

If you stand too much upon your dignity, somebody is sure to walk on it.—Chicago Tribune.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Too many words be worse than not enough, for they'll often leave a man's meaning foggy.—Eden Philpotts.

The Overland Limited, solid train Chicago to the Coast daily. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

It is the grain of truth that gives force to the lie.—Ran's Horn.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Aug. 15.

CATTLE—Common \$2 75 @ 4 00

Heavy steers 5 00 @ 5 35

CALVES—Extra 6 00 @ 6 75

HOGS—Ch. packers 5 60 @ 6 65

Mixed packers 5 40 @ 6 60

SHEEP—Extra 3 25 @ 3 75

LAMBS—Extra 5 90 @ 6 00

FLOUR—Spring pat. 4 50 @ 5 00

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 82 1/2 @ 82 1/2

No. 3 winter 82 @ 82

CORN—No. 2 mixed. 54 1/2 @ 54 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 1/2 @ 36

RYE—No. 2 52 @ 52 1/2

PORK—Mess 12 87 1/2 @ 13 00

LARD—Steam 7 75 @ 7 80

New York.

FLOUR—Win. str's. 3 65 @ 3 90

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 87 1/2 @ 87 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed. 59 1/2 @ 59 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed. 39 @ 39

RYE—Western 59 @ 59

PORK—Family 17 50 @ 18 00

LARD—Steam 8 00 @ 8 00

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 83 1/2 @ 83 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed. 57 1/2 @ 57 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed. 42 @ 42

CATTLE—Steers 5 00 @ 5 25

HOGS—Western 6 00 @ 6 85

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 @ 79

CORN—No. 3 mixed. 55 @ 55

OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 35

PORK—Mess 14 50 @ 14 50

LARD—Steam 7 75 @ 7 75

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 77 @ 77

CORN—No. 2 mixed. 52 @ 52

OATS—No. 2 mixed. 33 @ 33

THE SALESWOMAN

Compelled to Be on Her Feet the Larger Part of the Day Finds a Tonic In Pe-ru-na.

Miss Curtin, of St. Paul, Gives Her Experience.

Miss Nellie Curtin.

MISS NELLIE CURTIN, 646 Pearl street, St. Paul, Minn., head saleswoman in a department store writes:

"I have charge of a department in a dry goods store, and after standing the larger part of the day, I would go home with a dull ache, generally through my entire body. I used Peruna and feel so much better that I walk to and from the store now. I know Peruna to be the best medicine on the market for the diseases peculiar to women."

Nothing is so weakening to the human system as the constant loss of mucus. Catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane produces an excessive formation of mucus. Whether the mucus membrane be located in the head or

pelvic organs, the discharge of mucus is sure to occur.

This discharge of mucus constitutes a weakening drain; the system cannot long withstand the loss of mucus, hence it is that women afflicted with catarrhal affections of the pelvic organs feel tired and languid, with weak back and throbbing brain. A course of Peruna is sure to restore health by cutting off the weakening drain of the daily loss of mucus.

An Admirable Tonic.

Congressman Mark H. Dunnell, National Hotel, Washington, D. C., writes:

"Your Peruna being used by myself and many of my friends and acquaintances not only as a cure for catarrh but also as an admirable tonic for physical recuperation, I gladly recommend it to all persons requiring such remedies."

Mark H. Dunnell.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

THE BULL DOG GERM

You know how a bull dog bites. When he sets his jaw, hardly anything but death will cause him to let go his hold.

Same with a microbe; only more so. Get rid of him, or he'll get rid of you. By degrees, as he continues to live and multiply, he will so poison your blood, as to make you very sick indeed.

The only way to drive out microbes, is to take some medicine which will go right into, and sterilize, the blood.

Nothing will do this like

Ozomulsion